

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 13.—No. 13

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 10, 1934

\$1.00 A YEAR

News from the Dean's Office

News from the Dean's Office this week brings vividly to mind that the 1933-34 school year is rapidly approaching the end. The Dean reports that plans are already being made for commencement events. As a preliminary of commencement is the Junior-Senior English test, to be given on April 16. The test is open to juniors and seniors. Students expecting to receive diplomas and certificates in June are being requested to have measurements for their caps and gowns taken as soon as possible and also to sign for commencement invitations.

Dr. Gipson will attend the meeting of the North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges in Chicago April 18-21. At one of the sessions of the Association Dean Gipson will present the new plan for the Lindenwood curriculum.

Students Present Program at St. Louis Club Meeting

Representatives of Lindenwood at the Guest Day meeting of the St. Louis Lindenwood Club, Monday, March 26, at the St. Louis College Club, report a pleasant afternoon. The program for the meeting was furnished by Lindenwood students from the music and speech departments. Dr. Roemer addressed a few words to the members of the club. He conveyed Lindenwood's greetings and extended an invitation to the members of the club to be guests of the college at the May Fete, May 4. He also briefly presented the plan of Lindenwood to broaden the curriculum. Mrs. Roemer spoke briefly, expressing her delight at being able to attend the meeting. Other Lindenwood representatives, Dr. Gipson, Dr. Linneman, and Mr. Motley, also made brief addresses.

Mrs. Arthur Krueger, president of the club, opened the meeting with a welcome address to the guests. The Lindenwood sextette, composed of Dorothy Martin, Ruth Bewley, Frances McPherson, Virginia Jaeger, Dorothy Ball and Ruthe'aine Smith with Allie Mae Borman as accompanist presented the two selections, "Overtones" by Rasbach and "Shortnin' Bread" by Wolfe.

Kathryn Eggen, accompanied by Frances McPherson, gave two violin solos "Sea Murmurs" by Castelnuovo-Tedesco and "Polka" by Weinberger. These were followed by the two piano selections "Secret" by Grieg and "Intermezzo, Op. 119, No. 3," played by Margaret Brainard. A representative from the Speech Department, Elizabeth McSpadden, gave the reading "Dust of the Roads". Dorothy Martin presented two vocal solos, "Dawn Awakes" (Braine) and "Let All My Life Be Music", by Spross. The concluding numbers of the program, "Antiphony" and "Neath the Shades 'Massive Lindens' were offered by the sextette.

Easter Cantata

Dr. Roemer Speaks on "The Impossible".

Dr. Roemer conducted the Easter service Sunday evening, March 25, following the choir's presentation of "The Risen King." The solo parts in the cantata were taken by Frances McPherson, and Dorothy Ann Martin, who also sang in a trio with Dorothy Ball. The choir was capably directed by Miss Gieselman, and accompanied by Allie Mae Borman.

"The Impossible" was the title of Dr. Roemer's sermon and his text was taken from Act 2:34, "Whom God raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that He should be holden of it." Weymouth's translation of this text is "But God has raised him to life, having terminated the throes of death, for in fact it was not possible for Him to be held fast by death."

"It was not possible" is a stupendous assertion, but slowly and surely the word impossible is fading from human speech. "Man's achievements have changed the impossible to a realized fact," Dr. Roemer said.

"It is not surprising that even the disciples were dubious when the body of Jesus was laid in the tomb. They had been taught that it was appointed for man to die once; that there was no discharge in the warfare with death. Death grips without release and has always been considered man's foe. 'Countless generations have gone to a bourne whence no traveller returns.'"

"The last enemy that shall be abolished is death'. (1 Cor. 15:27) says the Apostle Paul and he sees the conquest in the One who has become the first fruits of them that slept. The impossible has become possible. But Peter says it was not possible to hold Christ in death because he had an inherent power of life. He is not content to say, (Christ rose from the dead), What he says is in effect—'Being who He was and what He was. He was bound to rise from the dead.' But great spirits never die.

"We speak of others of what is called posthumous influence. What can be said of others can be said of Christ. His influence lives on in the world. The first concern of the early Christians was to make their hearers realize that Jesus was alive.

"The living Christ is the inmost secret of the Christian life. He is not dead, but liveth. He is the Christ, the hope of glory. The world is continually bearing unconscious testimony to His presence and power." In Washington the Methodists erected a statue to Bishop Francis Asbury and commemorated his work for his church, but we don't rear monuments to the living, and because Jesus lives it would be absurd to commemorate a posthumous influence.

"It was not possible for death to hold Him. His tomb is empty. Every tomb in which He is buried is empty. If we cling fast to Him our tombs will

Seniors-Juniors Give Rainbow Dance

Rainbow arches formed a setting for an informal dance given in Butler Gymnasium, March 24, from eight until twelve. The hostesses, the Senior and Junior classes, chose a background of yellow and across the ceiling hung multi-colored strips of crepe paper. Listen to almost any conversation on the campus concerning the dance and one will probably hear, "Wasn't the music divine?" Although not going to quite those lengths, it must certainly be conceded that the music was excellent, and the gym unusually colorful.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Miss Alice Parker, and Miss Marie Reichert were in the receiving line. Mrs. Roemer wore a beautiful gown of white crepe and a corsage of white spring flowers. Miss Parker in printed chiffon and Miss Reichert in brown sheer crepe both wore corsages of Talisman roses. Sarah Louise Greer, president of the Senior Class, appeared in a lovely frock of brown sheer, the color of it emphasizing the gold in her hair. Allie Mae Borman, the blonde president of the Junior Class, was also very attractive in close-fitting black crepe trimmed with organdy, Louise McCulloch looked quite beautiful in black velvet, small silver turban with veil, and white accessories. This combination of white and black was ideally the most attractive of the freshmen, suited to her type of beauty.

One of the most attractive of the freshmen, Mary Nell Patterson, was a study of brunette beauty in white. There were many dresses and this time of the year affords a wonderful opportunity to see both winter and spring styles in formals. Bertha Kent was the spirit of spring in her gay red creandie, adorned with tiny ruffles and flares. She wore black accessories and looked quite charming. Eloise Worthington in white rough crepe with silver accessories looked very smart, and Sue Nell Nesbit in a charmingly different pink outfit looked quite angelic until you saw that sparkle in her eyes. Beaty Bell wore a pink formal which was cut low in the back and was very close fitting.

Ruth Lothrop wore an unusual and very attractive black and silver semi-formal. With it she chose extremely low-cut black and silver sandals and long rhinestone earrings. This outfit was quite flattering to her delicate blonde type of beauty. There were many other lovely costumes: Theo Hul' in red crepe, Wilma Burnett in pink crepe, Elma Cook in red and silver, Evelyn Coker in a striking black and white shirt-waist semi-formal, Fan Louise Looney in deep green and rhinestones, "Libby" Bowen looking like a picture in pink crepe and Margaret Ringer in becoming cerise crepe beaded with silver.

be empty. All things will be ours—life and death, the present and the future, height and depth, because we are Christ's and Christ is God's. It is not possible for death to hold Him."

Parke-Davis Representative Speaks to Students

By invitation of the Triangle Club, Dr. Lionberger of the Parke-Davis Laboratories in St. Louis spoke Tuesday evening, March 23, in Roemer Auditorium. He spoke on the manufacture of antitoxins and vaccines, the former being to get one well, but not giving immunity, while the latter provides immunity.

Dr. Lionberger presented films showing the procedure of manufacturing diphtheria antitoxin, which is the same as the procedure for typhoid, tetanus and scarlet fever antitoxin.

The culture is taken from the throat of a diphtheria patient and is played out 12 times to eliminate foreign organisms; when the right color, a deep yellow appears, the culture is put into an incubator to develop. For 12 days it is then put in a bouillon medium.

If it is ready to be injected as a serum into a horse, it should kill a specimen guinea pig in 4 days. It is sent to Parkedale to be injected into the horse. Parkedale Farm is a laboratory station where horses are used to make the antitoxins from the diphtheria toxin injected into their blood stream. Although it does not hurt the horses it "uses them up" in about a year, and their bodies can no longer be used to form antitoxins.

Buster, a horse, served for 13 years in forming the antitoxin for smallpox and is famous for the part he played in the World War in saving lives from the dreaded disease.

Studying Spain

El Circulo Espanol, the Spanish Club met Monday evening, March 26, in the college club rooms and initiated one new member, Frances Ware. After the initiation, Kathryn Fox reviewed an English translation of the Spanish novel, "Tiger Juan", by Juan de Ayala. Dr. Terhune, the sponsor, talked on Spanish customs and traditions. This was followed by a general discussion, and the meeting was concluded by the singing of Spanish songs.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- April 10:
Organ recital at five o'clock.
- April 11:
Faculty meeting: Dr. Ralph P. Biever speaking, at eight o'clock.
- April 12:
Advanced music student recital at eleven o'clock.
- April 15:
Vespers. Rev. John C. Inglis.
- April 18:
Pi Alpha Delta tea at five o'clock.
- April 19:
Oratory recital at eleven o'clock.
Graduating violin recital. Kathryn Eggen at eight o'clock.
- April 22:
Vespers. Rev. James B. Douglas.
- April 24:
Music recital at four forty-five.

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1934.

'Sang the sunrise on an amber morn
'Earth be glad! An April day is born.
'Winters' done, and April's in the skies
Earth look up with laughter in your eyes."
An April Adoration.

The Aims of Women Graduates

"The American Association of University Women has dedicated itself to an increasingly conscious and concerted effort to maintain, through practical educational efforts, high cultural standards in the community, state, and nation."

This was the purpose of the Association when it was founded in 1882; it was the first organization of college and university trained women in the world. Its constitution states: "The object of this Association shall be to unite alumnae of different institutions for practical educational work." Devoting itself to this aim, the Association has grown from the original group of 65 women, known as the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, to an organization of approximately 40,000 members known as the American Association of University Women.

The Association welcomes to its membership any woman who has graduated from a college or university that is approved for membership by the Association and who holds a degree that is likewise approved.

When the organization was first formed its foremost aims were "the development of opportunities for higher education of women and the creation and maintenance of higher standards in those institutions admitting women students". To realize the aims the Association has restricted its membership to the alumnae of colleges and universities which meet certain requirements specified by the Association. These requirements concern not only the academic excellence, but also the status of women in the student bodies and in the faculty and the administration.

In April the south-western central section of the American Association of University Women will hold a meeting in St. Louis; the St. Louis chapter will act as hostess on this occasion. This section consists of the states of Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas. The meeting will be from the nineteenth to the twenty-first of April. Miss Alice Parker will be the official delegate from Lindenwood. On Saturday, April 21, the organization will hold its collegiate luncheon and the members will be the guests of Lindenwood College.

Lindenwood has been a member of the Association for several years, and many graduates of this college belong to its local organization in the cities and towns where they have been established.

What Would Lindenwood Be Without its Y. W.?

In getting ready to go away to college, when lonesome, homesick, feeling around, well who is it that sponsors those cheerful "Big Sister Letters" that you receive about that time?—none other than the Y. W. C. A. And when you arrive at Lindenwood, who is it that gives the reception for the freshmen and consoles the new students. It is again the Y. W. C. A.

The delightful Halloween parties and the charming queens that are chosen every year are always sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. One could never forget the lovely and charming queen of 1933, Mary Wilks Heeren, the attractive blonde in the Freshman class.

Every Wednesday night there is an interesting and enjoyable program presented in Sibley Chapel by the Y. W. C. A. For these interesting programs we are indebted in large part to the retiring president, Margaret Ringer. Margaret has fulfilled her duties to perfection and has certainly done her duty in keeping up the spirit of the organization. In the time of a Thankful Thanksgiving and a joyous Merry Christmas it is always that thoughtful organization who makes a collection for the needy and gives each and every one of them the happy feeling that they haven't been completely forgotten in this cold wide world.

Not long ago the organization had an election of officers and Mary Erwin succeeded Margaret Ringer as president. Every one now, is looking forward to the new and various programs we will have in our meetings for the remainder of the year. We know that Mary will be right there with great capability and willingness to do her part, as will all the other newly elected officers.

Oratory Recital in Morning Chapel

Another of the delightful programs of the oratory department was presented Thursday, March 22, in eleven o'clock, at chapel. The readers were Betty Hooks, Nan Latham, and Kay Davis.

Betty chose as her selections two delightful numbers, "Sun-Dried" by Edna Ferber and "Anne of Green Gables" by L. M. Montgomery, which she read in a charming manner and

which displayed quite a bit of dramatic talent.

Nan Latham pleased the audience greatly with her rendition of Rachel Field's "The Bad Penny." Her ability and her dainty appearance makes her a great favorite with Lindenwood audiences.

Ruth Giorloff's "Highness" formed a perfect vehicle for Kay Davis' dramatic talent. Although Kay is a first-year student she has already proved herself one of the outstanding students in the oratory department.

Sidelights of Society

Latin Games Played

At the meeting of the Pi Alpha Delta, honorary Latin sorority, held in the Library club room, Wednesday, April 4, plans for the tea given annually by the organization were discussed. The date of the tea for this year has been set for April 18. After preliminary business discussions the members of the sorority joined in playing Latin card games. Refreshments were served.

Miss Allyn in her Easter vacation had quite a delightful visit with Miss Anna Pugh, former head of the English department at Lindenwood, who is now teaching English at Ward-Belmont college in Nashville, Tennessee. Miss Allyn also visited Vanderbilt University while in Nashville on her tour with Mr. and Mrs. Austin G. Fox, Mrs. Castle Burke, and Mrs. Marion Tracy of St. Charles. They visited Trussel Shoals, Birmingham, Atlanta, Stone Mountain, Chattanooga Lookout Mountains, Signal Hill, Ft. Oglethorpe, and Chickamauga Park, and drove through the beautiful Cumberland Mountain country.

German Club Meets

The German Club had a very interesting meeting, Thursday, March 23. Rev. Mr. Thomas of St. John's Evangelical Church of St. Charles was the guest speaker. He addressed the members in German on the Wagner Operas, and favored them with a German song to his own accompaniment.

Celeste Lang sang a German song and was accompanied by Lorraine Snyder. New members were discussed and will be announced later.

Beta Pi Theta Elects

At a special meeting of Beta Pi Theta, national French fraternity, Monday, March 26, officers for the 1934-1935 school year were elected. The girls elected are: Nancy Montgomery, president; Mary Erwin, vice president; Susan Olmstead, secretary; Mary Greer, treasurer; and Margaret Taylor, sentinel. The officers will not assume office until the fall of the new school year.

Sigma Tau Delta Meets

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, held its regular monthly meeting in the Library club room, Tuesday, March 27, at five o'clock. The regular business and program of the meeting was preceded by a brief pledging ceremony in which Mary Morton, Evelyn Brown, and Alda Schiering were made members of the organization.

In the brief business meeting which followed the pledging ceremony tentative plans for the joint meeting of the Lindenwood chapter with the chapters of Shurtleff College and Harris' Teachers' College at Lindenwood were discussed. The program of the meeting consisted of a discussion of prominent actors and actresses of the stage who had appeared in St. Louis during the year. The discussion was led by Lois Gene Sheetz with reports by many of the members on the lives of the actors or actresses and some of the productions in which they appeared. Among the stage personalities reviewed were Walter Hampden, Eva Le Gallienne, and Katherine Cornell. The two productions, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Romeo and Juliet" were reported.

Poets Meets

The Poetry Society held its meeting

in the Y. W. C. A. parlors, Thursday, March 22. Poems written by members of the organization were read aloud and criticized. Plans were discussed by the members for attending "Romeo and Juliet", starring Katherine Cornell.

Case Work Trips

The students in Miss Morris' case work class visited a series of clinics in St. Louis on March 22, 23, and 24. The work in the clinics coincides with different phases of social work which the case-work girls are studying and was of inestimable value to them. The clinics were held at the Michael School for Crippled Children, the Central Institute for the Deaf, and a St. Louis School for the blind. In these clinics the various way of curing children of speech defects, of assisting the deaf and blind in learning to talk and read, and of teaching crippled children were observed through demonstration of cases actual.

Beauty in Italy

The Roman Tatler of this week shows some of the most beautiful lakes of Italy, Lake Iseo, the lovely Lake Garda and The Lake Como. Lake Iseo is surrounded by beautiful scenery and is remarkable for its harmony of proportion and coloring, cannot be imagined, but must be seen, and when seen it can never be forgotten.

The blue grandeur of Lake Garda and the feeling of contentment it inspires cannot be imagined, but must be seen, and when seen it can never be forgotten. All the poets, writers, and artists fall in love with it. Its beauty is widespread and it strikes one with amazement.

Lake Como is beautiful in the summer when its banks are covered with happy bathers and just as beautiful dark turquoise reflecting the banks in its waters. It is just as beautiful in the winter when the snow-peaked mountains contrast to the numerous villas dotted on the banks.

The Roman Tatler also portrays "Spring in Italy" through the beautiful pictures of the Stresa in Rome, and the Sienna River. The lovely trees are shown in their fullest blossoms.

WHO'S WHO?

This week's Who's Who is one who is indeed an important character, being president of so many honorary societies that her erstwhile duck-hunt-hing companions frightened individual who cried, "Don't shoot that gun!"

She is of medium height, has dark brown hair drawn tightly back, and usually wears very strong glasses to enable her to recognize her many friends. She is possessed with a keen sense of humor and is humor editor of our annual. She is president of El Circulo Espanol, president of Y. W. C. A., vice president of Beta Pi Theta, and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau.

To aid in recognizing this so versatile member of our student body, we may add that she speaks frequently of one "Doc", and claims she can recognize a bird-dog trainer a mile off, to which her friends reply, "You should know, Mary T."

Read The Linden Bark.

UNREST

By Helen Thomas

Rain drizz'es and showers and
blows
Out of low, stormy grayness.
The wind flies in fitful gusts among
the clouds
And sways the trees cruelly.
The restless impatience of the tur-
bulent weather
Will not leave me.

PLAYROOM

By Mary Morton

My childhood was exceedingly happy—but why shouldn't it have been? There were five children in the family, twice five in the neighborhood, and we had a grand playroom. Although it covered the entire third floor, this was not an ordinary room; no, for Santa Claus lived on the tiles above the fireplace; Little Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Bean Stalk, Cinderella, and Jackie Horner stayed in the pictures on the wall; Henny Penny, Duckey Luckey, Turkey Lurkey, and the Three Bears played with many others in the victrala; while Alice in Wonderland, Robinson Crusoe, Ali Baba and His Forty Thieves enjoyed the company of the Jungle Book creatures on the shelves. These little fairy land creatures were great companions and we had many good times together.

The room was also our companion and a real sport. It seemed glad when we were happy drawing crayola pictures on the wall, making marble rings on the floor, hammering nails in the door, or even sawing a piece out of the window sill; but I believe it was sad when we were sent away from the table for giggling or when we had slammed a door.

A remarkable quality of the room was its ability to change from a castle one day to an ocean or a mysterious cave the next. On the days when it was a king's palace, we would move the big black table to one end of the room, put a chair on top, throw an old velvet drapery over it, and then with the aid of gold paper suits of armor from the costume drawer, we had a court splendid enough for any king. On other days, feeling like bold, bad pirates, we would take up rugs and sail around the floor in a big arm chair, carrying on desperate battles with our picket swords. Sometimes a favorite game was to turn all the chairs down, cover them with blankets or rugs and then, having pulled the curtains so that the room was dark, we would crawl through this labyrinth, chasing each other.

Perhaps for more than any other purpose this room was used for a theater, where opera was sung and plays were acted. One play I remember particularly, in which we needed a baby. Instead of having a doll, we decided to make use of the kitty; so putting a doll's white night dress and cap on him, we tucked him into the cradle. I sat by the cradle, rocking it with my foot, at the same time knitting and trying to sing the kitty to sleep. Evidently he didn't like such strange treatment and without regard for the other members of the cast, sprang from the cradle—night dress and all—scampered through the audience, and fled from the room. Quite contrary to modern theory, the play didn't go on; instead, the members of the audience were refunded the admission price of five pins.

One rainy summer day there were about fifteen of us in the room. The windows were up, and by accident

one screen had been left open. Perhaps one of us had neglected to close it on coming in from the roof. Nevertheless, no one had noticed it, for we were busy playing "Punch the Ice-box." Ned was "it". All of us had hidden and been found, with the exception of Jack—little red-headed Jack. No one knew where he was; and after a few minutes search Ned called, "Bee, bee, bumble bee, all out're in free." Seeing one of the full curtains at the side of the window stir, and hearing a giggle, we thought Jack would jump to the floor; but instead, we heard a cry, saw a hand grasp at the curtain, and Jack fall out of the window. For only a moment there was the silence of death. Then we somehow realized and got down the stairs to Mother. I don't know how she understood what we were screaming, yet she was the first to get to the place where he should have been lying. But he wasn't there. Had we been dreaming? Had our eyes deceived us? With amazement we looked up toward the window, and there in the branches of the old, half-dead pine that had always stood by the side of the house, lay a curly red-headed little boy—safe but badly frightened.

MY MEXICAN STRAW WOMAN

By Kathryn Ainsworth

My little Mexican straw picture stands upon my desk. It is a riot of tiny strips of bright color. A squat Indian woman stands over a rose-colored bowl perhaps making spicy tamales. Her skin is dark reddish brown and her hair, straight and black, hangs in two long braids. She contemplates me unsmilingly, but I think she is fond of me, or she would tell someone when I don't study but just sit and dream and draw fearful diagrams and maps of all manner of queer places. Maybe she doesn't quite approve of my dreams or my dreaming because she is very industrious. For years she has leaned over her dish molding and kneading. There is nothing lazy about her.

She stands in front of her shining elm-leaf green house. I am sure that it is spotless just like her purple patio with the salmon-pink corn-crib standing just outside. It is full of all sorts of corn—red, yellow, and blue.

Perhaps the little Mexican woman grows a bit impatient with me when I rush in and try to study two lessons at once in order to get them done in time. She never hurries, but she is always at work kneading and molding her corn-meal.

She watches me with disdain when I examine my complexion and hair in the mirror and bemoan my lack of beauty. Standing out in the hot desert sun day after day, she doesn't worry about her skin getting brown and coarse.

Perhaps her living aloof from the idiosyncrac'es of life should be a lesson to me, but I don't want it to be. I love to be rushing from one thing to another at one moment and the next to be lying down looking at a hazy sky wondering about nothing, because I think that nothing is the most interesting subject of all of them. The absolute absence of anything has always intrigued me.

My little Mexican straw woman goes on kneading cornmeal. She has a purpose in life—kneading cornmeal. So many people have "Purposes in Life". Some of them are quite pompous about it. I am so glad that not everyone has a "Purpose"; so a few of them can be lazy like me. We who aren't so purposeful have so much more fun.

Read the Linden Bark.

HAZE

By Evelyn Brown

This is a day when every man
should stand
Remote, upon a mist-encircled hill,
To see the far dim mountains,
purple spanned,
To listen for wind-trumpets, sweet
and shrill.

This is a day when every man
should hear
The beating heart of each new
growing thing,
And feel re-echo back from year to
year
The swift recurrence of the living
spring.

RECESS

By Louise McCulloch

Miss Wyona Reves looked out of the first-grade window. Her face showed there, frowned, disappeared; almost at the same second her short dumpy self came into view. She hurried out the main entrance and into the school yard filled with children. They were at recess, but at that time Miss Wyona got not the slightest bit of recreation. How could she? Even class recitations tried her less. At least during class periods she was not imposed upon to drop whatever she was doing, dash from the building to stop a squabble over marbles or to pick up little Genevieve sprawled again under one of the pecan trees. She had threatened to take away the marbles, had contemplated having the trees cut. But what was the use? Each day other evils arose. The children were ever finding new cause to be mischievous.

Miss Wyona's short feet covered the ground with surprising swiftness. She slapped her hands together even faster than her feet were flying and loudly called, "Children!" The amount of noise she made only added to the hullabaloo in the school yard. She got little attention.

"Who is it?" she spoke to one of the little girls standing in her path of advance.

"Libby", the reply was weak and hesitating.

Miss Wyona nodded knowingly. When she had neared the cause of the loudest noise, she sharply addressed her, "Elizabeth Ann, stop that screaming. Dan, let her out this instant."

A mumble almost inaudible, "Not my fault she got stuck in the sewer pipe."—but Miss Wyona heard.

"Daniel!" It was a command. The small villain slowly obeyed, he poked a stick, which he'd formally employed in rounding the sides of the drainage pipe, through the dark cylinder and pulled it out again with a soiled, weedy little girl hanging on the end.

Miss Wyona shooed away, at least to a certain distance, the shrieking, giggling spectators. They scampered around in circles a few yards off. Then they saw their teacher grasp with surprising force a shoulder of each of the two beside her and march them with determination into the school house. The ones behind followed at their distance like a retinue of the three, but not daring to enter before the bell should ring, turned back to their forgotten games.

No sooner had she reached the rooms than Miss Wyona looked again out of the first grade window as usual to see that all was well outside. Then her face disappeared, but before it did her shoulders rose almost even with her chin because of the deep sigh she had taken, for she had a very distasteful task to perform inside the first grade room.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

By Nan Latham

Nothing except a graveyard can rival a small mid-western town for Sunday afternoon quiet in midsummer. The church crowds scurry home as soon as the service is over, and by one o'clock the streets look positively deserted. If we feel brave enough to endure hot, dusty air and depressing stillness outside, we go to sit on Mary's front porch. Glancing up—shall we say, Main Street?—we see exactly three cars. One of course, is the property of the McHanson brothers who are working at the drug store. Another probably belongs to Bill York, one of the town's most accomplished Sunday afternoon loafers. We can't decide who is sitting in the other car. That gives us something to speculate about. Finally Charlie and Mabel come strolling arm in arm up the Baptist Church hill—Charlie and Mabel are always strolling somewhere—and walk toward the railroad tracks out of sight. The Smiths armed with Sunday papers, pillows, and palm leaf fans, come out on their front porch, engage in a noisy argument about whether or not it is too hot to stay and finally go back. A few more people are venturing out in automobiles now, just "ridin' around." A rickety old Ford, crammed full of boys, to say nothing of those on the running boards, front fenders, and spare tire, comes chugging cautiously up the hill; it turns on Main Street and sputters merrily on its way. Another hill and then the little Kiely girl and her red-faced German nurse walk past eating pink ice cream cones and leaving little spots of melted cream on the sidewalk. Finally we decide there won't be anything else to break the monotony, and anyway the sun is in our eyes. We go down into the street and become a part of the picture ourselves.

FIVE MINUTES

By Lois Gene Sheetz

The Sophomore English class bent its head over its books resolutely. Every bloused and sweated back was curved with scholarly humbleness. Suddenly a jarring tone rippled the harmonious atmosphere; a surreptitious note was being passed. "Clarice", came the warning tones from front and center. The class as one raised its head and gazed with concentrated interest at Clarice, who, neither abashed nor disappointed at the failure of her stratagem, sat stolidly, a creature without life or emotion. The heads descended once more.

The radiator hummed and hawed, gurgled and spurted; the army which apparently had been quartered upstairs tramped and shuffled. Lockers banged in the hall, but the Sophomore English class was unmoved.

A cautious head in the back row turned slowly toward the side and peered intently at the neighboring head. As if through some strange force, unknown and unfathomable to the alien adult, the neighboring head responded. Two souls fused. Almost imperceptibly, lips moved to frame the words, "What time is it?" Gently, with infinite patience, a wrist was raised and turned. The face of a watch was visible.

Inscrutable eyes quickly read the message, and over the countenance of their owner a sad expression settled. The cryptic but meaningful news, "five minutes" passed down the row with the smooth irresistible movement of the tide. Upon each face, the same gentle, resigned, yet faintly hopeful expression appeared. But now all cosmic disturbance ceased and the heads bent eagerly to their tasks.

OLD COFFEE-POT

By Lenore Schierding

Very often the commonplace, everyday scenes of our life have no further significance than certain humdrum routines. But to a stranger these scenes may have a wealth of meaning. To you and to me, St. Charles and its people may be uninteresting incidents of our lives; to a stranger there may be literary possibilities ferreted from what others considered an ordinary occurrence.

Theodore Dreiser, while working as a newspaper reporter in St. Louis on the *Republic*, now the *Post-Dispatch*, heard that about St. Charles County an old man was wandering, continually calling the name of a woman. Upon this "germ" of an idea, he based his well-known short story, "The Lost Phoebe".

"The Lost Phoebe" is the tragic story of Henry Reifsnieder and his wife Phoebe Ann. The married life of these two eccentric characters was a comparatively happy period, broken by Henry's outbursts of temper and Phoebe Ann's threats to leave him. In her sixty-fourth year Phoebe Ann died. Old Henry, bewildered at his loss, refused to leave his home. One night when he could not sleep because of his longing for Phoebe Ann, he suddenly saw her leaning over the table—it was only the position of his coat, an old newspaper, and the shadow cast by the lamp. He became obsessed with the idea that Phoebe Ann was not dead but had merely left him as she had threatened. He set out to search for her; for seven long years he wandered from place to place, always calling for his lost Phoebe. One morning he was found dead at the bottom of a steep cliff, a broken figure with a smile on his face, for he had died following over the cliff the beloved apparition of Phoebe Ann.

Such is the imaginative picture of the life of this man. I do not wish to destroy such a sympathetic conception of him, but it is interesting to note the actual circumstances of his life.

To the people around St. Charles this old man was known as "Pot Karl" or "Old Coffee-Pot." His home was Alsace-Lorraine; he had come to the United States when a young man. No one was ever able to ascertain his real name, but what he muttered sounded like "Henry Seymour."

As he traveled along the roads his personal appearance was anything but attractive. He was very short and had a long, dark beard and dark, unkempt hair. Over one eye he always had a cloth or bandage of some sort. He carried with him a thick walking cane with a cow horn at one end; on this he tied an old sack filled with clothing given to him by sympathetic farmers. On the other end of the cane was an iron pin or nail which would catch in the ground and steady his walk. Slung around his shoulder on a thick cord was a rusty black coffee-pot; from this he got his name.

His food he obtained from the farmers. He always asked for unground coffee-beans because as he said, he wanted to handle them and feel their round smoothness, and he liked them "one coffee-bean was like another." He would sleep in hay stacks or barns, and sometimes would be an uninvited guest at a home; because of some peculiar reason or another, he always slept sitting up.

He walked through the fields and woods, and because of some insight or another, whenever he was sure of an echo, he called, "Louisa, oh, Louisa!" When asked who Louisa was, he replied, "A princess." One night in his wanderings he chanced upon a barn dance that was being

given by some young people. The men, wishing to tease him, said, "Come on in, Coffee-Pot, and get yourself a girl." His answer was, "I do not seek my princess on a dance floor."

He never left St. Charles County in his wanderings, and died in the county poor-house, a pathetic figure then, but a glorified creature remembered in fiction.

INDIAN SUN DANCE

By Dorothy Copps

In this parched, flat country, rainless for eight weeks, the Sioux were asking God for rain. Inside a circle made of twelve poles, one for each of the disciples, and around a center pole for God Himself, a dozen picked young braves danced. Since human endurance would not permit violent exercise in the sun, young trees covered the frame-work of poles, except for the few feet where the musicians crouched. These half-breeds dressed in civilian clothes squatted Indian fashion around two huge ceremonial drums. Each player was armed with a stick heavily padded with skins at one end. Without any seeming rhythm yet rhythmically they pounded their drums in heavy, monotonous thumps. To this accompaniment they chanted a song without words or tune.

As I approached the spot from which I could see the dancers I was subconsciously prepared for what I saw by the odor. There was the smell of the roasted dusty stubble, horse-flesh, uprooted trees dying for want of water, and a heavy sweet fragrance that was an unseen part of the ceremony.

The dancers were bare above the waist. Their chests were covered with individual designs painted in red or yellow, but never both; the opposite color was used upon their faces. About their waists and ankles were tied in one bunch half a dozen dyed straws, six or eight inches long, caught at a central point so that they projected in different directions. Around their waists and extending almost to the ground was an assortment of blankets and shawls. One brave near us wore an Indian blanket of milk-chocolate brown with a design in Indian-blue. His neighbor wore a shawl of pale green embroidered silk with an eight-inch fringe that dragged in the dust at his feet.

During those three days and nights of dancing without food or water and with very little sleep, the twelve men in their course up to the pole and back wore paths in the dust with their bare feet. They pranced wearily up to the pole with arms and head raised in adoration or bent in humility. Sometimes all twelve danced, sometimes six, four, or three. Frequently they joined hands and capered heavily around the pole. Once one of them dropped and outside aid dragged him back to his corner to sleep and enter again. Suddenly the music ceased. An elder of the tribe stepped into the circle and, raising his head and eyes, voiced a prayer whose nobleness and beauty not even a strange tongue could hide.

As we left I realized I had been told they were praying to my God with their throbbing drums, their wordless chants, their wild cruel dance. But listening I felt that in their hearts they were praying to an Indian God I would never know.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON RAIN

By Virginia Lee

A sense of complete tranquility and self-satisfaction filled my whole being that quiet Saturday afternoon. I swung my legs over the arm of my

deep, pillowed chair, abstractedly ate my ninth pretzel, and turned the page to the fourth chapter of *Lord Jim*. There was one element alone which had completely changed my usual Saturday mood of being discontented unless I were rushing up town to shop or see a picture show, and that element evidenced itself by blurred window panes and the gentle pitter-patter overhead.

Rain produces two notably different effects on individuals: it either lulls you to a complete sense of peace or stirs you to a fierce resentment. If you have anticipated a picnic, a horse-back ride, or a game of golf the shower will undoubtedly dampen your spirits, or if you are one of those temperamental persons who get "blue" you will be incensed at the slightest provocation. If you are one of the latter and are interrupted in the midst of your self-pity and asked the causes, you will in all probability answer evasively, with great heat, and with the selfish intention to make your interrogator share the same feeling of interest. Since you are in such a temper, it is best for you to occupy your mind with other things. Cleaning out your dresser drawers is an excellent remedy, for, while your hands alone are busy at first, your mind inevitably casts aside its sombre thoughts for ones of amazement and delight at finding a long-lost ring, an extra much-needed pair of stockings, or suddenly precious collections of old Christmas cards or letters. It is very agreeable to sit thus, Turk fashion, on the floor and, after contemplating the conglomeration of articles surrounding you on all sides, slowly to classify each one and then lay your groups in neat piles in the drawer before you. This is a great satisfaction to the orderly person and should dispel any temper tantrum. Perhaps you are the type which receives no enjoyment from working during a shower though you are extremely unhappy wondering aimlessly about to crack nuts in the kitchen, to change the radio to a cheerier station, and finally futilely to attempt a letter. You are getting angry and bewildered with yourself for feeling this way and would be apt to snap up the things I am going to propose. Either become absorbed in an exciting book—and I pause to suggest the fascinating adventures of Sherlock Holmes—or go outside and work off your pent-up energy by a walk in the rain. It is beautiful to view the freshness and alertness of the world outside during a gentle drizzle and to be gloriously alone with your suddenly clarified thoughts. Also it gives you a delightful sense of independence to stride along with your hands crammed in your pockets and your head held high to receive the rain's refreshing caress.

An appreciation for the mystery of moods caused by rain is particularly felt in the country. There you can feel completely apart from a material environment, being content to gaze drowsily out of windows upon meadows made freshly green, cows looking dolefully out under shelters of leafy trees, the rain barrel gathering its profit, and puddles overflowing the little valleys of the ground. Often in the country rain makes its chill so evident that a woodfire must be built in the open fireplace. Then it is truly jolly for congenial companions to pop corn, make candy, and roast marshmallows. Lying on the floor before the roaring fire with the food close beside you, complete your supreme self-satisfaction by reading aloud from a favorite book or just talking idly of one thing and another. In my opinion a fire within and the rain without constitute an unbeatable combination for physical and mental well-being, which you at once realize if you rouse

yourself from your comfortable lethargy to go out for a walk, and coming back toward your home see the smoke curling out of its chimney. The firelight scene you can visualize then seems the very highest symbol of security and comfort.

SUNRISE FROM A BUS

By Kathryn Fox

Grey creeps into the black;
Faint white light breaks the cloud bank.
A flush of peach grows brighter,
scarlet, then suddenly is gone,
Leaving no sun
But only cold light, cold air,
Intangibles, hazily sketched,
Become real trees,
With every leaf distinct.
Brownness changes into cold brilliance
Where light around the leaves shows
Long beads of flame which drip
Onto a new brown carpet,
Black trunks gleam beneath gold-clouded skies,
Glimpses of inappropriate green are seen.
The leaves are enameled lustrous brown.
Comes at last the sun,
A burning globe of warmth,
The world thaws
from brilliance to gentle calm

HANK'S VOICE

By Alma Reitz

Hank plays football. He is as real and rough a boy as I have ever known; he takes the keenest of delight in discussing all the big football games which he sees. (Being a Cub Scout he is able to attend these games. Mother says that he wakes up in the morning asking for a football helmet, the kind that some "football hero" uses). Scratching up the floors with heavy boots means nothing to him; and when he rolls around on the rugs with the dog, sand and grit scatter from all over, so that it seems as though a truck might be passing through the room.

But his voice—it has the most annoying way of rising when he talks about something serious. It frequently reaches high "c" when on rare occasions he attempts to be other than just "dippy". His singing voice is a high soprano. (We call him Henrietta). After playing a beloved game of football, and after rolling around on damp, chilled ground for the greater part of an afternoon, he gets an attack of that peculiar wheeze called hoarseness. Then truly he is the meanest sort of a boy. The reaction to such throatiness has the tendency to make him so. He becomes a tyrant and a villain, but he lapses back to just Hank or Henrietta when his vocal cords are restored to normal.

BEAUTY IS HERE

By Dorothy Tull

Beauty is here—
A scarce-seen light in the darkness
A seed of life in the earth.

Oh nurture the seed in the darkness
Till it springs to the light—
A glorious tree that spreads to the sky—
A tree that grows and grows till it fills the heavens
And blots out the stars.

Oh treasure the gleam in the darkness—
Give fuel to the flickering flames
Till they rise in a fire to the heavens—
Till the flame soars up to the stars
Till the fire blinds the sun.